have not produced In proportion to the extra-ordinary wealth of material for work. How many romances could be written from one street of the bazaar life, did one know it thoroughly !

One of the cleverest women in Anglo-Indian society has had an interesting career. Begin-ning life as the daughter of a retired Tommy Atkins, she was educated in a school where she easily outran the other girls in her quick-ness at lessons, her nimbleness in needlework.

On returning to her father's cottage bun-galow she Informed the local dhobi * that she would be very happy to repair any rents he had made in his washing for a " Heaven-born "-f- gentleman in his *clientele.* The dhobi, nothing loth, foreseeing immunity from the fines and kicks his carelessness was wont to entail, delightedly obeyed her behest. The Heaven-born in his turn noting the exquisite care, the cobwebby stitches with which his linen was of late repaired, could do nothing less than call to thank the *deus ex*

*machina^* the beneficent fairy, who plied her needle so

* Washerman.

t Members of the Indian Civil Service (covenanted) are called " the Heaven-born."

mysteriously